

Perils Of Marriage

by Bizarra

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Summary: A day in the life of the Singers.

Perils Of Marriage

Remember WENN and it's characters are copyright Rupert Holmes, Howard Meltzer Prods and them. Um.. AMC. Story is the product of that period of day when you are half asleep and half awake. (Oh, and is copyright Moi)

Ok . . . no more angst for a while. :-) I need a break. LOL This is just something that popped into my head around 2 a.m. last night.

Oh look! Biz ACTUALLY wrote a SHORT story!!! And wonder of wonders, NO hanky's are needed! :-)

The Perils of Marriage or A Day In The Life Of The Singers by Michele Savage

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"Jeffrey, would you turn that alarm clock off?" Hilary mumbled as she burrowed her head further beneath the covers trying to avoid the fact that it was morning. She heard him groan and turn away from the shrill ringing.

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"JEFFREY!" Hilary, now fully awake, finally yelled and kicked his nearest leg.

He finally reached over and shut off the offending noise. "All right! It's off." He sat with a yawn and rubbed his eyes. "You first or me?"

"I'll shower first," Hilary answered as she slid out of the bed, "You

never leave me any hot water."

"Me?!"

She turned and gave him a sarcastic grin before shutting the bathroom door behind her.

Jeff dropped back onto his pillow knowing he could sneak in at least another twenty minutes of sleep.

A sudden heavy splash of cold water hitting his face woke Jeff abruptly. He jumped and opened his eyes to find Hilary standing over him and wringing out a washcloth.

"Do you think you might want to wake up today, Pumpkin?" She asked sweetly.

Without warning he grabbed her by the waist, pulled her over him and onto the bed. He wrestled the wet cloth away from her and proceeded to taunt her with it. She giggled and tried to break his hold on her.

"You have to shower, Jeff, or we'll be late!" She said finally squeezing out from under him. She hopped off the bed quickly as he reached for her.

"I'd much rather stay in bed," he said with a suggestive grin.

"So take a cold shower," Hilary suggested as she flashed him. She quickly tightened the belt on her robe and left the room laughing.

Jeff growled as he tromped to the bathroom. He soon realized that he had no choice in taking that cold shower. She'd used all the hot water. Again.

Once he finished showering and getting dressed, Jeff walked downstairs to find her dressed, sitting at the table and drinking a glass of juice. "I don't suppose you fixed breakfast?"

"Nope, I don't suppose I did." She stood and gave him a peck on the cheek, "However, I will. We have some extra time this morning. What would you like?"

"To know what you did with my wife." Jeff wisecracked.

"Ha ha ha." Hilary mock laughed, "I'd take advantage of my good mood if I were you. They don't last too long."

"Hmmm, good point." Jeff agreed, "You think I could get some bacon and eggs out of you?"

"Scrambled or over easy?" She asked as she pulled the ingredients from the refrigerator.

Jeff walked to her and felt her forehead. He laughed when she pushed him away. "Just checking."

That afternoon, while Jeff was on the air with Mackie and Maple doing Amazon Andy, Hilary contented herself with a magazine in the green

room. She looked up when the door opened and acknowledged Scott, then returned to her reading.

Scott sat across from her, "Hildy, I have a favor I need to ask you."

Without looking up she retorted, "I don't recall ever knowing that a 'Hildy' worked at this station."

"Sorry," Scott halfheartedly apologized. "Hilary, I have a favor to ask of you."

She set down the magazine and afforded Scott the attention, "Yes?"

"Broome Brothers gave me these tickets to tonight's performance of Swan Lake downtown and I, well, I'm not going. I figured you theatre types love this sort of junk, so you and Jeff can go tonight to represent WENN."

"Swan Lake?" Hilary asked with a hint of disgust on her voice.

"Thanks Hildy!" Scott quickly said as he left the room.

"It's HILARY!" She yelled at the swinging door. Then in a much quieter tone to herself, she added, "And I hate the ballet."

Jeff walked into the green room and acknowledged his wife who was sitting glumly at the table. "What's the matter?"

She turned and gave him a very sickly sweet smile, "Jeffrey. Darling."

"What?" He guardedly asked.

"Have I told you lately how much I adore you?"

He sat opposite her, "I didn't do it."

She straightened, confused. "Do what?"

"Whatever it is you are getting ready to accuse me of." Jeff answered.

Her smile became honest, and she lightly tapped his hand. "Please tell me we have plans tonight?"

"Not that I know of, why?"

Her shoulders sank, "Well, we do now." She set the tickets on the table, "Scotty has volunteered us to represent WENN as guests of Broome Brothers tonight at the ballet."

Jeff's lip curled in distaste as she spoke. "Can't we get out of it? Please?"

She looked at the watch on Jeff's wrist and replied, "No. It's too late to try to con someone else into these. If we want to be presentable, we should go home and start getting ready."

A few hours later, the now elegantly dressed Singers walked into the Theatre and were shown their seats. As she made herself comfortable, Hilary leaned and whispered, "At least we aren't near the front."

"Yes," Jeff smiled, "No one will see you when you fall asleep."

"I never fall asleep during these long insufferably boring thin--all right maybe I fell asleep once."

"Or twice," Jeff chuckled and paged through the program they were given. "Well, look at it this way, Hilary, we have the evening off."

Hilary turned and retorted flirtatiously, "I can think of much more interesting things to do than the bloody ballet."

Soon the lights lowered and the show started. "I should have brought a book," Hilary whispered to Jeff as the orchestra began to play.

Within ten minutes of the show Jeff felt Hilary lay her head against his shoulder. He heard her sigh as she started to relax and doze off. He grinned and took the ink pen out of his shirt pocket. Quietly, he turned the program to the blank last pages.

Jeff nudged Hilary's shoulder slightly, waking her up. He drew a hangman's diagram on the paper and showed it to her.

Hilary sat, took the book, looked at the puzzle and made her guesses.

They bid their time until the intermission, playing hangman, giggling, and making written jokes about how bored they were. They had to be shushed a few times by the people sitting behind them, which added more silent laughter.

During the intermission, Jeff pulled Hilary out of the Theatre. "We've made our appearance, right? We even said hello to the Broomes, right?"

"Yes," Hilary answered, not quite sure where Jeff was going with the line of questioning.

"Good," Jeff said, then grabbed her by the arms and pulled her against him. He joked in a 'mobster's' tone of voice, "'Den let's blow 'dis joint, Doll."

Hilary smiled, "Ooh, I like the way you think, Pumpkin."

"Come on," Jeff took her hand and led her down the next block. "Rivera's has a good band on Wednesday night's." He stopped abruptly and turned, "er, so I've heard."

"I'll let that one pass, darling, considering I know where you are most Wednesdays." She winked at Jeff and followed him into the club.

They found a table somewhat near the dance floor and ordered colas

and a fruit plate. The band started their second set a few minutes later with "It Don't Mean A Thing..." and Jeff took his tuxedo jacket off. He pulled Hilary out onto the dance floor among the other couples.

They danced the next few songs and finally out of breath returned to their table. "This is much better than Swan lake." Hilary grinned and raised her glass in a toast.

"Much." Jeff responded with a smile and popped a green grape into Hilary's mouth.

It was well after one a.m. when they finally walked into their house. Hilary straightened her arms and let her shawl drop to the floor in front of the door. She kicked her shoes off and stretched tiredly. As she lowered her arms, she sighed, "Hmm that was fun."

Jeff plopped onto the couch, "Yeah, we should go to the ballet more often."

"Please, don't give Scotty any more ideas." Hilary remarked sarcastically as she started up the stairs. "I'm going to bed, we have an early day tomorrow."

Jeff locked the house and followed her up the stairs. When he reached the top of the stairs and walked into the bedroom, he caught her changing into her gown. With a gleam in his eye, Jeff asked, "Hmmmm ... exactly how tired are you?"

She giggled as he slammed the bedroom door.

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"Jeffrey, would you turn that alarm clock off?"

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"JEFFREY! "

The End . . . :-)

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file.